

GAMBLER'S LUCK

By George Munson

(Copyright, 1916, W. G. Chapman.)

Jim Davis, in the train, cursed at the delay in reaching his destination. He was in a bad humor with the world — not that this was unusual him. His gambling trip, which was to have netted him enough for six months of extravagance and luxury, besides the modicum needed for Molly, had produced only a few hundreds, thanks to the vigilance of the police.

He watched the girl in the opposite compartment. She was a pretty girl, with a tear-stained face at which she dabbed furtively with her pocket handkerchief. She looked as Molly had looked, 19 years before, when he had persuaded her to throw over slow-going Jack Douglas and become a gambler's wife.

He knew that Molly had regretted her choice every week of her life since then, and he had taunted her with it and taken pleasure in inviting Douglas to the house. He could see their love for each other, unexpressed. What a fool Douglas was, not to take advantage of his long absences! But what a good thing that Molly was a church member and so incapable of deceiving him!

He cursed again as the train sped on. He had long since tired of Molly. Still, it was convenient to have the little household drudge at home, to cook and slave for him in the rare intervals of his presence there.

Suddenly the train lurched, swayed, swung giddily along the edge of the embankment and then crashed into nothingness.

Jim Davis was on his feet, staring at the ruin. The girl who had awakened his interest lay pinned beneath a beam. There were heartrending groans and cries everywhere. By a miracle he, Davis, had escaped unscathed. Gambler's luck!

He did not stop to think of the sufferings of his fellow travelers. The wreck had taken place just at the outskirts of his home town. Nearby a trolley car had stopped. A crowd was gathered, running from every quarter of the compass. Davis cursed as he pushed his way through them and mounted the trolley. Soon he was speeding far from the scene of the disaster.

Half an hour later he was standing in his apartment. It was queer



"Help Me!" She Pleaded.

that Molly had left the door unlocked. He would take it out of her for that. He approached the little, barely furnished living room quietly, intending to surprise her and see the happiness fade out of her eyes. He flattered himself that he could read his wife's face like a book.

To his surprise he saw Douglas standing there, and Molly, with tear-stained face, leaning her elbow on the mantel and looking at him attentively.